

SONGS,
DUETS, CHORUSES, &c.

IN THE
NEW PANTOMIME,

CALLED

Harlequin's Museum ;

OR,

MOTHER SHIPTON TRIUMPHANT.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND,

1792.



Principal Pantomime Characters.

Harlequin, - - - - -	Mr. Boyce.
Squire Foxchase, - - - -	Mr. Farley,
Clodpoll, - - - - -	Mr. Follett.
Sir Gregory Whimsy, -	Mr. Hawtin.
Paddy Rooney O'Gaffey, -	Mr. Rock.
Lawyer, - - - - -	Mr. Powell.
Lapland Witch, - - - -	Mr. Cabitt.
Smuggler, - - - - -	Mr. King.
Captain, - - - - -	Mr. Thompson.
Country Boy, - - - - -	Mr. Simmons,
Coachman, - - - - -	Mr. Rowson.
Cook, - - - - -	Mr. Gaurion.
Pudding Boy, - - - -	Master Hodgings.
Old Woman, - - - - -	Mr. Rayner.
Maid, - - - - -	Miss Leserve.
Mother, - - - - -	Mrs. Powell.
Columbine, - - - - -	Mad. Rossi.

Principal Vocal Performers.

Lieutenant, - - - - -	Mr. Inledon.
Punch, - - - - -	Mr. Munden.
Cobler, - - - - -	Mr. Fawcett.
Mother Shipton, - - - -	Mr. Darley.
Skaters, - - - - -	Messrs. Grey and Linton.

The Burlesque Pas de Ruffe by Mr. Byrne and Miss Smith.

The rest of the Dances by Messrs. Byrne, Holland, Platt, Rochford, Wilde, Cranfield, Mrs. Watts, Miss Francis, Mrs. Rochford, Mrs. Bazant, Mrs. Crow, and Madame Rossi.

The selected Scenery and Machinery entirely new painted; and the new Scenery designed and executed by Messrs. Hodgings, Pugh, Walmesley, Lupino, &c.

SONGS, &c.
IN THE
NEW PANTOMIME,
CALLED
HARLEQUIN'S MUSEUM;
OR,
MOTHER SHIPTON TRIUMPHANT.

RECITATIVE—*Mother Shipton.*

(*Composed by Mr. Shield.*)

THY mistress lost ! a trifle—don't despair,
Old Mother Shipton shall dispel thy care,
For thou shalt follow, and regain the fair ;
Resume your wonted joy, receive this sword;
Aided by this, your pow'rs shall be ador'd.

AIR

A I R.

'Tis true, I'm a fright,
And a merry old spright,
And thou shalt be jovial, sweet lad;
Full of frolic and fun,
Old Care you shall outrun,
Nor know what it is to be sad.
Thy magical sword,
Ev'ry bliss shall afford,
Wave but that, and enjoy without end,
From the deep, from the air,
Ready Imps shall repair,
Elves and Goblins, thy steps shall attend.

GLEE

(7)

GLEE and CHORUS.

GOD preserve his Majesty,
For ever send him victory,
And frustrate all his enemies.

OLD

OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER !

A NEW SONG.

(Tune, Hearts of Oak.)

COME, cheer up, my lads, merry Christ-
mas is here,
And I hope we shall all have a happy new
year !
Prepare your plumb-puddings, mince-pies,
and stout ale,
And may plenty and peace in old England
ne'er fail ;
O still may our flag be with lustre un-
furl'd !
Let's ever be ready,
Steady, boys !—steady !
And true to ourselves, we defy all the
world !

II.

The King, and the State, and the Laws of
the land,

The good Constitution our fore-fathers
plann'd;

To maintain them, we all with one heart
shou'd agree,

For while they protect us, Old England is
free.

O still may our flag, &c.

III.

No hand of oppression we ever can fear,

Our laws are the same for the Peasant and
Peer;

Our house is our castle, our fire-side our
throne,

And each man in Old England is sure of
his own.

O still may our flag, &c.

IV.

Some men must be stronger, some wiser
than others,
But good laws can unite them to live like
good brothers ;
For while the strong labour, the wise ones
will think,
And then in Old England we ne'er shall
want chink.

O still may our flag, &c.

V.

Then drink to the King, and the State, and
Laws,
With one voice, with one heart, we'll sup-
port the good cause ;
To Commerce, to Trade, to the Plough,
and the Sail,
And may plenty and peace in Old England
ne'er fail.

O still may our flag, &c.

AIR

AIR—Cobler.

(Composed by Mr. Shield.)

IN a shop of my own, once I'd very pretty
call,

And my trade was a jolly shoe-maker ;
Tho' I'm now but a Cobler, and glad to keep
a stall,

Here, under the shop of a Baker.

His quartern-loaf is light,

His peck-loaf's short of weight ;

Mixing alum with his flour,

Makes his rolls so cursed four ;

Of all this I made a song,

And as good folks pass'd along,

To warn them, it so merrily I'd quaver;

The Baker's wife being vext,

Swore I must change my text,

Or repent of my monstrous bad behaviour.

My fine song for to mar it,

She bought a squalling Parrot,

And on bulk o'er my head needs must
mount her.

I taught pretty Poll to cry

To the jury passing by,

Wheu! wheu! (*whistles*) the light bread's
under the Counter.

Last night, at John O'Grott's, when they
 froth'd up my ale,
 I taught the landlord how his draught
 might be quicker;
 Says I, fill your pots, and I warrant you'll
 not fail

To sell a double quantity of liquor.
 To compass humming beer,
 That does my body cheer,
 I touch my neighbour's cole,
 By leathering of his sole;
 Each side of me they sit,
 Whilst I, in giggish fit,
 Crack high jokes, or sing, the Vicar and
 Moses;

I with hammer make a rout,
 Thus I draw my elbows out,
 And by accident douce their noses;
 Their pardon then I beg,
 Thus whip up a leg,
 At a Cobler's running trade who can match
 me.

A customer's old shoe
 I take as I now do,
 And try if hopping after can catch me.

RACIT-

RECITATIVE—*Mother Shipton:*

HER ring contains her power,
When that, my boy, you gain,
Your Columbine you'll soon obtain;
And to your mind,
A fair auspicious wind
Shall blow from Lapland's icy shore,
And waft you to the Nore,
First, in yon Elk, Ulana's spirit bind,
By transmigrating power to RING assign'd.

SONG.

7

SONG—*Punch.*

(*Composed by Mr. Dibdin.*)

I.

CAN'T you see, by my hunch, Sir,
Faddledy, daddledy, dino,
I am a Rum Punch, Sir,
Ribery, bibery, bino;
Fiddledy, diddledy,
Faddledy, daddledy,
Robbery, bobbery,
Ribery, bibery,
Faddledy, daddledy, dino,
Ribery, bibery, bino.
That merry fellow, Punchinello,
Dancing here you see, Sir—
Whose mirth no man alive can quell,
He's ever in such glee, Sir.
Niddlety, noddlety, niddlety, noddlety,
Niddlety, noddlety, nino.
Then let us drink, brave fellow,
Faddledy, daddledy, dino;
Drink till we are mellow,
Ribery, bibery, bino,
Fiddledy, diddledy, &c.

II. My

II.

My ranting, roaring blades, oh !
Faddledy, daddledy, dino ;
And your pretty maids, oh !
Ribery, bibery, bino,
Faddledy, daddledy, &c.
Each jovial fellow,
At Punchinello,
Will laughing o'er his cups roar ;
I'll rant and revel,
And play the Devil,
And set you all in an uproar,
Niddlety, noddlety, nino.
Then let us drink, &c.

DUET.

DUET—*Skaters.*

(*Ancient Music.*)

THIS bleak and frosty morning,
All thoughts of danger scorning,
Our spirits briskly flow ;
We all in a glow,
Thro' the sparkling snow,
While a skating we go ;
With a fa, la, la, la, la,
To the sound of the merry merry horn.
To the right and left we're plying,
Swifter than winds we're flying,
Spheres on spheres furrounding,
Health and strength abounding,
In circles we sleep,
Our poize still we keep,
Behold how we sweep,
The face of the deep,
With a fa, la, la, la, la,
To the sound of the merry merry horn.

Great

Great Jove looks on us smiling,
 Who, thus the time beguiling,
 Where the waters we seal,
 Still rove on our heel,
 Our weapon's our steel,
 And no danger we feel,
 With a fa, la, la, la, la,
 To the found of the merry merry horn.

See, see our train advances,
 She how each skater lances,
 Health and strength abounding,
 Horns and hautboys founding;
 The Tritons shall blow
 Their conque-shells below,
 And their beards fear to show,
 While a skating we go,
 With a fa, la, la, la, la,
 To the found of the merry merry horn.

D

SONG

SONG—*Mother Shipton.*

(*Composed by Mr. Shield.*)

THO' the pit my son has swallow'd,
Sprites and goblins sav'd his life,
And by us he must be follow'd,
Ere you can be made his wife.
Haste, ye lightning, rumble thunder,
To receive us, open, earth,
Cease, my daughter, cease to wonder,
Mother Shipton brings the mirth.

RECITATIVE—*Mother Shipton.*

HOLD hold your desp'rate hands and know,
'Tis Mother Shipton that forbids the blow;
Safe by your side your darling daughter stands,
This is my boy, and thus I join their hands;
To work their bliss I'll ev'ry art employ,
Hence, grief and darkness, enter light and
joy.

FINALE.

FINALE.

LASTING joys they cannot miss,
To the fane by Cupid led,
Days of mirth, and nights of bliss,
Wait the marriage board and bed.
Albion, ever to be blest,
Harmony her joys increase,
May no canker in her breast,
E'er consume the rose of peace.
Why from laugh should we refrain,
Why shou'd not the bowl go round,
Whilst our canvas spreads the main,
Whilst our fields with plenty crown'd ?

THE END.

ESTC



